

VOICES TWO THOUSAND TWELVE

VISUAL ARTS LITERATURE MUSIC VIDEO



RECORDS

+

SIDE

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MCHENRY COUNTY COLLEGE
LITERARY / ARTS JOURNAL

LONG 2012 PLAY

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BEST OF MAGAZINE

Voices 2012 is proud to
announce Awards for the
Best of Magazine

LITERARY:

Samuel Millard
Lenore

VISUAL ART:

Gloria Stewart
Without Thinking

MUSIC:

Deven Elion (Human Artifice)
//

SHORT FILM & VIDEO:

Brandon Lee Kerns
My Story

Voices wishes to acknowledge
students for their excellence in
literature, music and visual arts.

THE DAN RISCH MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

The Dan Risch Memorial
Scholarship is awarded to two
outstanding and promising visual
art students. This Scholarship is
generously funded by Ed Risch in
memory of his son and former
MCC art student Dan Risch.

The 2012 Dan Risch Memorial
Scholarship winners are:

Kirsten Williams
Katie Boyer

VOICES TWO THOUSAND TWELVE

MCHENRY COUNTY COLLEGE LITERARY / ARTS JOURNAL

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arts, musical, and
literary talents of McHenry County College
students.

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POETRY

LENORE

On the eve of New Year, as the cold marched near, came a rapping at my door;
 And to my surprise, stripped of the warm inside, lay a baby I would later name Lenore.
 I searched far and wide, full of fatherly pride, for the mother who abandoned her child;
 But to no avail with tooth and nail, could I find her, lost in the wild.

So over time, I made up my mind, that I would raise this child alone;
 It was an arduous task, but alas, she was cared for in my hearty home.
 Oh how I did loath, her soft skin glow, for my blood did not flow through her vein;
 She was not my own, rather born on stone, but I would raise her just the same.

At first it was tough, and the days were rough, but I had to see it through;
 'Cause if I ceased for a day, there her body would lay, a poor girl that nobody knew.
 Easy it soon became, lacking a stricken bane, as I enjoyed it more and more;
 But who ever knew, such joy could be cued, from a rapping at somebody's door?

As the days pressed on, tight to my sleeve she clung, for I was all she had;
 A life so young, and in the shrouds she sung the tale of her story so sad.
 She grew up so quick, with her whit so slick, and a woman she soon became;
 And in a world a new, her curiosity grew so fast one could hardly contain.

Then came a year, when white thickened my beard, that I still ponder on to this day;
 A sure sign of my age that the war that was waged, was far beyond my say.
 It was almost near twenty years, since the night that I found Lenore;
 And on one chilled night, with a fragile might, came a rapping at my door.

There a woman stood, with a sullen wool hood, a hood that hides all things;
 "I've come for my daughter; I won't wait a minute longer," she says as if hell she will bring.
 "You're too late;" I said "Should have been here back when, when you left your daughter to die";
 Angry she was, and with a fiery bug, caught fire 'til the wool was charred dry.

On the eve of New Year, as the cold marched near, came a rapping at my door;
 And to my surprise, stripped of the warm inside, lay a baby I would later name Lenore.

SAMUEL MILLARD

LITERATURE

LENORE



ACRYLIC ON CANVAS, 36" X 48"

GLORIA STEWART

VISUAL ARTS

WITHOUT THINKING



INK JET PRINT, 8.5" X 11"

ANNALISE FARINA

VISUAL ARTS

IN WATER, BEHIND THE PAINT

POETRY

BUBBLES

bubbles in
the air bursting
in the wind like my
thoughts sailing and
quickly fleeting in
the hurricane of
perception

ROSE SHAFFER

LITERATURE

BUBBLES



CERAMICS, 5" X 6"

VINCENT RUSTILE

VISUAL ARTS

DECO SPHINX TEA POT

MIRROR, MIRROR

Oh my God, it's the wreck of the Hesperus! What the hell ever are you going to do to get that presentable? Well, the day is a simple one. Hating to go in, undress, and lie under that intimidating machine alone, thinking about survival. Think good life. So many things to be thankful for. Memories. Why doesn't it move faster? Man up. There is nothing to fear. God, can a bad back hurt any more? Having friends is the most important thing in a life. You can get along without money or fame; but if you have no friends, you are without value. Of course, there's health. Can't negate that. Why are you dwelling on this? One thing at a time. Thinking about eating something? You need nourishment, but wait until after so you don't get diarrhea on the slab. Oh, the embarrassment. Geez, how would you get home? You should pack a towel to put on their car seat. Let's get moving here. A quick sugar check, some toast, and a banana should coast you through. Feeling like the day has already played out.

Think about this all being over. The end. Try to keep your eye on the prize. Everybody thinks you are so contained and light hearted in your mood, telling jokes and all. Wonder if any guess you are so scared shitless inside. There's that "shitless" again. All those cancer ads showing ever smiling people holding hands. I bet they don't have diarrhea.

Why are you complaining? Think about that emaciated scarecrow guy you saw sitting in a chemo chair and when he looked at you, you smiled, and he managed a smile back. Tore your insides up, didn't it? He is so "managing." Or was it a smile of recognition—that innate human quality of wanting to share common experience? I bet he has more frequent fears of dying. I hope he has friends to share feelings with. That was nice of you to wish him a good day as you left. Do you suppose he thought it contrived?

Well, a little water here; now shave off the stubble. Why? You're just going to be so fatigued that you'll go right back to bed when you get home. But, then, the sleep machine mask sits tighter without whiskers. What are you talking about? Just do it! O.K., now a little brush here. Position the wisps. Hey, none fell out yet! Maybe you'll be a lucky one. What the hell, you already look like a peach with a little fuzz on top. Where did all those wrinkles come from? Must be marks from the apnea mask. Who is that old man looking back at you? You know, if you keep this up, people might suspect you talking to yourself. Oh, futz, you're alone in your bathroom looking in the mirror. No one will ever know. Put the specs back on, go make some toast, and get this show on the road. That physicist in radiation is so cute!

JERRY WENDT

LITERATURE

MIRROR, MIRROR

HUMANE

“Hey Keith.” He heard his name called but didn’t bother budging from his immobilization. “Keith, you okay?”

He finally answered when the woman next to him nudged him slightly. He didn’t exactly want to be bothered; he just preferred his silence, especially today.

“Yeah,” he lied while fidgeting in his seat.

Toby looked at him in anguish and, despite Keith’s desire for tranquility, he pressed on with his concern. “You don’t look okay.”

Marvin whispered something to Toby as he nestled closer to him. To Keith’s surprise, they shared no outburst of excessive laughter. Remmy, sitting closer to Toby than Toby’s gun, started to drift asleep under the glass of his helmet’s visor.

“You should be excited,” exclaimed the woman who fit into her blue and white suit with a slender attraction. “I love days like this.”

That was a considerable difference between them and him. She was excited, and the fervor Keith usually had on a day like this had vanished. He liked it at first; it was a pleasure to slaughter an unlimited number of people that the society loathed with passionate hatred. He even remembered the first time he had choked one of their red necks; his mother watched over him. However, as time went on, and he remembered what the three sitting on the bench in front of him did, he questioned his own motives.

It would have been just in Keith’s mind if they did it to any namuh. After all, the scum of planet Earth deserved that sort of treatment, if not a worse torture. His supervisors gave them the green light to do that to any namuh, along with brainstorming creative ways to kill each one of them. Yes, he wouldn’t feel such a hinder in his mood if they had done what they did to a namuh.

The vehicle bumped over the rocky road, sending them all a few inches into the air from their benches. Toby and

Marvin kindled a conversational whisper that carried on even through the bump. As Keith centered on them, trying to eavesdrop on any sort of syllable he could distinguish, he contemplated approaching Toby.

This wasn’t the first time he wanted to confront him about his actions. He just couldn’t conjure up the moxie needed to ask him why he did that to a human. This time was different though; the scene of her pale cheeks doused in her tears kept replaying in his mind.

Keith stood and approached Toby. As he came closer, Toby’s conversation came to a sudden halt. Remmy pushed away from Toby’s side and Keith nestled in-between them.

“What’s up?” Toby asked. His casual tone sounded nothing like the cusses he hissed at that helpless woman.

“I...” Keith stuttered before finding the necessary words. “I was just wondering why...”

“Spit it out,” Marvin demanded. Keith shot him a stare with crooked eyebrows. Marvin was not innocent in any way either; he recalled him pulling the strands of hair from her scalp.

“Last time we were out, I was just wondering...” Toby’s head bounced back as he understood what he was asking.

“She was impure, it is legal to—”

“She was fifteen, Toby.” A silence gripped everyone’s throats. The rumbling of the rocks beneath the tires emitted the only notable sound.

Toby looked to Marvin; his deeply bloodshot eyes never left Keith’s face. Relinquishing a sharp sigh, Toby slowly crept his head to Keith.

“She was still impure. She was the exact definition of impure by aiding a namuh in any way.” Toby’s volume rose.

“I just don’t think it was right.” Keith frantically looked to justify his belief as he argued with the law against his side.

“Are you favoring an impure? Impurity is treason,” Mar-

CHRISTOPHER JOHNSON

LITERATURE

HUMANE

vin barked. Outraged at their tones, Keith was on the verge of exploding.

“No, I just question why you raped a fifteen year old human and you just put a bullet in every other damn impure we find!”

Toby’s mouth flew open and he turned to Marvin for some sort of an answer. They exchanged surprised looks; the pair of them never heard anyone defend an impure.

“You’re lucky you’re an acquaintance,” Toby started as his stare looked to the metal floor. “But one more outburst like that, I swear to god, I’ll convict you of treason, Keith.”

“Fine.” Keith felt drowned in a sinking conversation that he had no way out of. He might as well find his answer. “But just answer my question.” Marvin looked at Keith without skipping a second.

“How much fun could we have had with a fifty year old impure?” A grin grew over Marvin’s protruding chin. Toby’s twisted smile curved at the edges. Understanding Keith would not receive anything from the pair, he returned next to the woman.

“You better watch yourself,” she cautioned. To Keith’s surprise, he was the only one in the vehicle who was horrified at the sexual abuse of a fifteen year old human.

She was impure; she was old enough to realize the lifestyle her parents lived was against every law the united sectors of planet earth stood for. That fifteen year old broke the law of the planet; she was just as heinous of an individual as those damn red namuhs. Then why, Keith questioned, did he feel such remorse? He was in no way favoring those namuhs, but he felt unsettled that such a young lady’s body had been used like it did.

At first glance, she was just a human. From a passerby, she was as human as could be. Her long flowing hair hanging over her shoulders didn’t grow from any sort of red scalp. She was impure, an illegal difference in the world, but she had ten digits on each of her feet and hands, just as Toby did. She

had a smile, and two eyes that concealed a soul that would be tortured as it left this life. He never knew someone could yell and cry that much.

He thought of a namuh’s eyes and how similar they were, but as he did, he stopped before he valued them as equals, too. The vehicle screeched to a halt and Toby was the first to stand. Followed by Marvin, the pair of them didn’t pass up the chance to shoot descending stares at Keith. They pushed open the large metal door to the back of their rectangular respite and jumped onto the concrete. Remmy pushed himself up from his hunched over rest and the female checked her machine gun’s ammunition.

Jumping carefully to the ground, Keith found himself engulfed in the brisk wind of April. The green grass before him swayed lazily in the breeze as the skeletal branches poked out the buds of new life. A spicy gust ran under his visor and tickled his nose while he stayed a considerable distance from the others.

Toby, closely followed by Marvin, led the pack in front of Remmy and the dainty female. As they marched over the wooden stoop, Keith started to approach the sidewalk before the tall and narrow house.

He admired the quaint porch of the peach colored haven. A plush bench that hung elevated in the air floated next to a pile of moderately thick books. The indent on the cushion was next to a cigar still pluming smoke.

Toby pounded on the front door with his fist. Paint chipped off as his knocks almost forced the door off its hinges.

When Keith reached the first step, Toby proclaimed, “This is the Namuh Extermination Force demanding entry to your household to search for namuhs!”

Keith saw the rusted doorknob rattle just as Toby raised his leg. With emphatic force he pulverized the door with the sole of his boot. The wooden door fell backwards and crashed on top of a resident. Slowly, Toby kicked the fallen door off

FICTION

HUMANE (CONT.)

of the old woman trapped beneath it who writhed in agony, sprawled on the ground.

“Go check down stairs for a teleportation device,” commanded Toby as Marvin rushed to a flight of stairs that led downward to their right. As Remmy entered behind the female, Keith approached the open threshold. He wondered what Toby would do to this woman.

The woman’s wrinkled face occasionally twitched but stayed mute all the while Marvin stepped down to the basement. Her flowered dress hung over her pink slippers. The fine silver hair dressed in a pony-tail didn’t move along with the rest of her aged body.

A pound surfaced from the basement as Marvin continued his search. It was protocol as usual, but something seemed different today. Keith felt the urge to help the old woman up, even if she was impure. When he began his career in the Namuh Extermination Force, he would have never thought twice about killing an impure. But now, as the needy woman’s body seemingly begged for assistance, he nearly extended a hand to her. Before he could, her fate was sealed.

“Scapegoat under a blue tarp!” roared Marvin from the confines of the basement. Remmy’s gun barrel flew to the old woman and his finger pushed down on the trigger. Keith kept himself from protesting verbally.

Remmy moved anxiously to the flight of stairs to their left and ascended them quickly. The blonde woman, stepping on the ankles of the elderly, went outside to check the perimeter. Keith slugged his body to the kitchen before he could hear a word from Toby.

He tried to avert his eyes from the blood spilling out of the holes in the elderly woman’s head. Like a fountain of crimson, the blood eased over the wrinkles of her face and onto the burgundy floorboards.

He’d seen that sight a million times; an impure in the cus-

tody of a bunch of NEF officers shot down and instantly killed. The age of the woman didn’t bother him the most; he had seen much older and much younger killed. What ate away at whatever was left of his soul was how easily the bullets entered her head. After all, she was human.

Pushing a levitating chair out of his way, he aimed his weapon to the left and then to his right. The confines of the kitchen, at first glance, seemed to be clear of any living creatures. The kitchen table floated in the air surrounded by chairs floating the same way. Carefully moving to his left, he saw the door to a walk in pantry left open.

Raising his weapon to his eye, he looked down the sights of his machine gun. Keith lowered his weapon when he turned to face the pantry and put his index finger to his lips. He saw the light skin of a human hiding in the shadows. This day was definitely different; his finger was not trigger happy.

She was a radiant beauty; her pink hair decorated around her gorgeous hazelnut eyes. Her peach skin was free of blemishes but the sleeves of her black sweater were pocked with tears and holes.

He ushered her out of the pantry by placing his gun in the sink behind him. Pressed still against his lips, his finger nearly split his mouth in two. He couldn’t emphasize how important silence was at this moment.

Keith remembered how Marvin pinned the fifteen year old against her parents’ couch, in front of her barely alive father. Toby was the one who ripped her pants off and clawed at her undergarments. They each took turns at her, each one of them laughing as they enjoyed themselves. How could they have enjoyed themselves, Keith wondered. How could they have used a human in such an inhumane way?

The girl grabbed onto Keith’s outstretched hand. Her sweater barely covered the underwear she wore; he couldn’t allow anyone to see her, especially Toby or Marvin.

“I’m going to get you out of here, okay?” whispered Keith. The woman nodded her head as her hands clenched tightly around Keith’s.

“My grandma-“

CHRISTOPHER JOHNSON

LITERATURE

HUMANE

He looked down and simply shook his head. Keith didn't feel obligated to say anymore and he didn't want to see the expression on her face. Keith had trouble coming up with a plan. He had to get her outside, but if the female officer saw her outside, she would shoot to kill.

To Keith's disbelief, he would have to improvise as the female officer walked into the kitchen from the back door. He didn't want to harm her in anyway, but he felt like he could hear the fifteen year old screaming for the men to stop, even politely including a please. Keith rushed to his machine gun and shot the officer down. She dropped like a rock.

"Go!" insisted Keith as she rushed to the door. Keith turned to the corridor in between the kitchen and large living room. As he stepped out further into the open, he found Remmy rushing down the stairs.

Keith didn't think twice and shot him down before Remmy could even lift his weapon. It felt as if all of his boiling angry was overflowing and his actions happened without his mental approval. Keith thought of the fifteen year old's legs flailing in the air as Remmy tumbled down the stairs.

Two of Keith's bullets had sped through Remmy's visor and replaced his eye sockets with bullet holes. The strange absence of remorse didn't seem to bother Keith as he bent over to take his machine gun. His murderous campaign had to continue as he thought of the fifteen year old's bruised breasts beneath her silent, wide open jaw. With a weapon in each hand, he still had to confront Marvin and Toby.

As this sudden change in his mindset, Keith viewed his previous values as wrong and unethical. How could he have let that fifteen year old succumb to that wretched fate? He wanted to right his wrongs if it meant killing the men ultimately responsible.

Keith turned and found himself near point blank range with two machine guns. Marvin stood next to Toby, both of them threatening to end his treasonous reign of terror.

"You gonna rape me too?" Keith asked with a scowl about his face.

"I don't get it," proclaimed Toby. "You've been a NEF of-

ficer for at least a decade, and all of a sudden one little impure girl gets raped and you become psychotic! What went wrong, Keith?"

"That's what I wonder." Keith's eyes looked down to Remmy's corpse. His blue and white NEF suit became drenched in the deep red of his blood. "What went wrong with us? What went wrong. Don't namuhs deserve respect?"

"Of course not! They are the scum of planet Earth! They infect this world with their hideous hides! They are below us and we must exterminate them all; they keep humanity from accomplishing our goals!" Marvin shook with an incredible anger that even shook his machine gun.

"But before the namuhs, weren't we our own villains? People dropped like flies in the street from a stray bullet and our children become used to bullying. Hasn't humanity always been inhumane? Something went wrong before then and it's time to fix it."

Keith closed his eyes as the barrels of the machine gun crept closer. As he met his certain death, he never thought he would grin as much as he did.

Toby cocked his head sideways. "You've gone insane Keith, don't you understand?"

Keith thought of the hundreds of namuhs he had killed in the past. They all spoke fluent English and they all cried the same amount of tears the fifteen year old did. Suddenly, the amount of screams coming from the helpless fifteen year old sounded eerily recognizable. He had heard them before, but his ears weren't open to their invaluable yelps. Why weren't they? After all, the namuhs had two eyes that concealed a beaten soul, with ten digits on their hands and feet.

He remembered a stream of blood mixed with a milky substance line off of the couch the fifteen year old laid upon. Ashamed, Keith remembered the thousands of namuh's he raped on similar looking couches.

"No, I don't."

Toby and Marvin pulled their triggers at the same time, then walked slowly to the basement where a few namuhs waited for their slaughter.



DIGITAL PHOTOGRAPHY, 8.5" X 11"

HENRY SUMMERS

VISUAL ARTS

ROOM WITH A VIEW

POETRY

UNTITLED 2

Pressure to succeed in an unsocial setting
Pressure to partake in your all-or-none betting
Pressure to deny that my pressure exists
Pressure to confront a man, guns versus my fists.
Pressure to laugh when he's left you alone.
Pressure to relive the fact that she told you so.
Pressure to smile at a bile-paying job.
Pressure to stop hoping that this pressure pays off.
Pressure to strive like there's reason to hide.
Pressure to try when I just want to cry.
I want my own life, and I want it my way.
I want to feel loved when there's nothing to say
To relieve you of your duties, I'm just feeling confused.
Sometimes I think I'm only meant to amuse.
Where's the pressure to scream when your mind draws a blank?
The pressure to smack when they spit in your face?
The pressures to think that there's no wrong or right
The pressure to trust when no trust is in sight.
If I ever saw it, I won't see it again.
If he comes back to visit, can you tell him he wins?

TAYLOR FULTON

LITERATURE

UNTITLED 2

POETRY

OLD TIMES GONE

Gone is the time when honor ruled all
When all one had to do was admit defeat to be spared;
Now we are like dogs to death's beck and call
No longer are we for the people whose problems we would bare.

Instead it is the greedy and power mad we follow—
Killing and maiming to see other men cry
As they sit on their thrones empty and hollow
Smiling a jackal's grin as their enemies die.

But my sword I shall lift no more
For my eyes have seen too much blood for ignoble dreams;
I shall repent my killing ways upon this sandy shore
Never again to do the bidding of evil fiends.

DEVIN LASKER

LITERATURE

OLD TIMES GONE



OIL ON CANVAS, 36" X 36"

MARA ELLIS

VISUAL ARTS

9/22/08

FICTION

ALL THE BIBLES

In the Beginning, in a place too far away, existed the Immortal Toad. And the Immortal Toad decreed that any who misinterpreted the Word would be smited with a mighty nastiness.

And verily the Word was soon misappropriated and twisted and employed with great falseness and gusto to sell coffee and people and the very soil that the earth-trodders coveted.

And clumsy structures claimed the Immortal Toad and the Word as they traveled to the sky whilst the bowers and the kneelers and the hymnists fenced in the wild children until their prurient hides could be tamed and branded.

The colors and substances spat forth by the Immortal Toad were labeled and traded and hoarded and secreted in gold and coal lined vaults until such time as they could be bartered for favors and privileges, both in this day and the long hereafter.

Strong bickering ensued and grand victories were measured in the mountains of discarded blood and discarded dignity and the even more mountainous piles of ideas and compassion that were torched in the name of Immortal Toadness.

The Immortal Toad reared up to roar disapproval and gathered to full smiting pose with huge anger reflecting the witness of corruption and thought to destroy all. The Immortal eyes wetted instead and the Immortal spotted back turned.

“Let them roll in their own dirt.”

TINA ZMICH

LITERATURE

ALL THE BIBLES

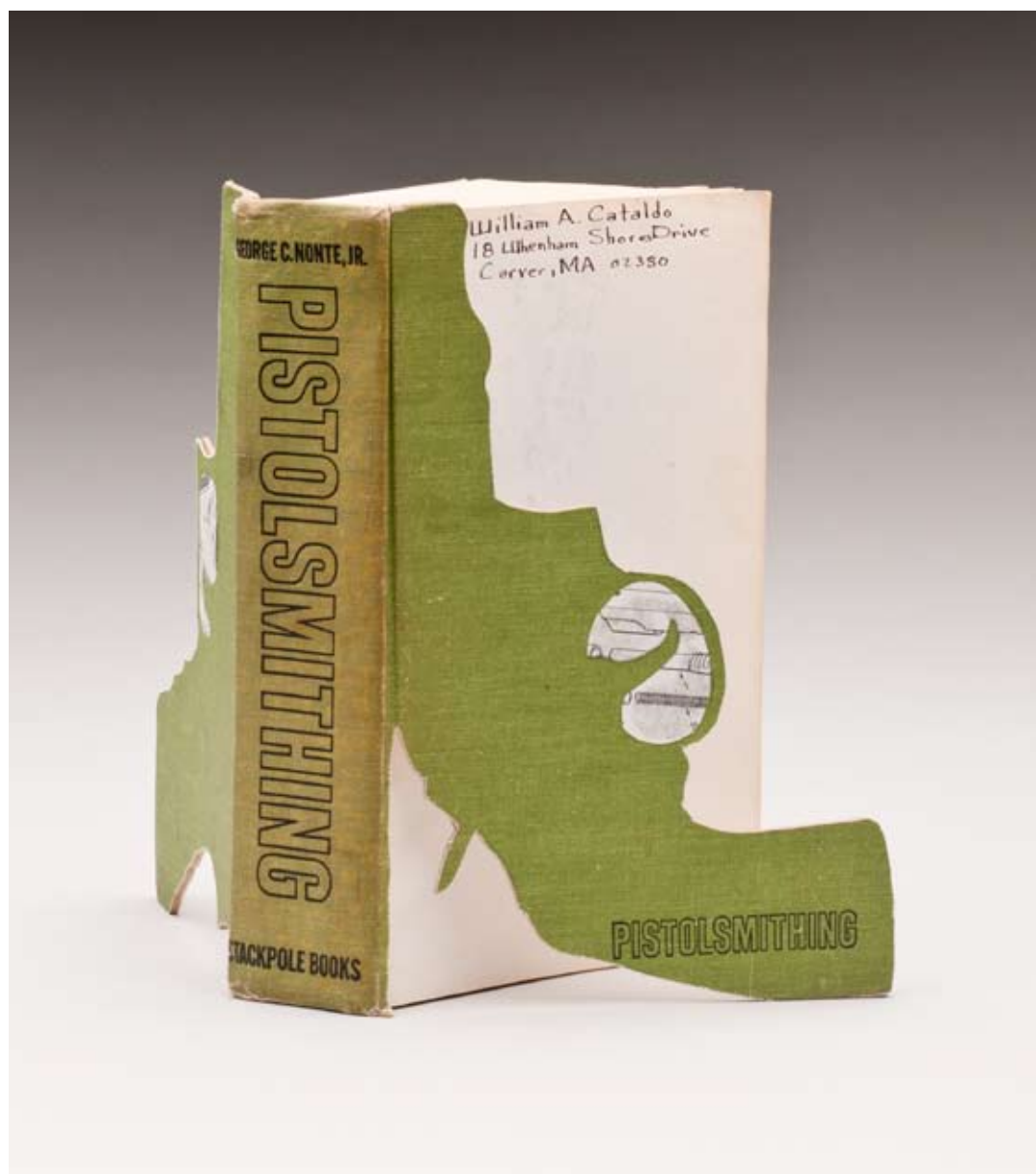


OIL ON CANVAS, 58" X 30"

OLGA AXARLIS

VISUAL ARTS

BLITHE



SCULPTURE, 9.1" X 14.4" X 6.1"

MARY CATALDO

VISUAL ARTS

GLOCKENSPIEL (1974)

POETRY

WE TOTALLY SUCK

Why can't we be at peace?
Must we fight?
Must we kill?
Why do we have to judge?
Must we criticize?
Must we accuse?
Is there some kind of social order
That I do not understand?
White is no better than black
Red is no better than blue;
We all exist on a tiny pebble
Floating in a vast ocean.
We have nowhere else to go
And yet we try to dominate,
Try to conquer each other—
Are we that ignorant?
Are we that evil?

JOSEPH CASTELLA

LITERATURE

WE TOTALLY SUCK

FINDING MY BALANCE

My husband died unexpectedly on May 13, 2010. Since then, I've been living in a land of "How-Are-Yous?" and "Have-a-Nice-Days." Friends suspect that I'm searching for a valid answer to their question; but strangers have no way of knowing that my really nice days are a little like the Gulf Coast's since the BP oil rig's collapse—significantly altered.

As a writer, I've been trying to figure out the answer to the "How Are You?" for my own sake, if not for the questioner's. After fifty-one years with my lover, husband, back-coverer, fellow traveler, idea-bouncer-offer, companion, and partner, the obvious answer is "Out of Balance."

On the Myers-Briggs Personality Test, Bob and I were the flip side of each other. He was an ENFP, and I am an ISTJ. On paper, at least, we kept each other upright. He was right-brained; and, if you're talking color of brain, he was a blue. I, on the other hand, am a left-brained yellow. He was an artist; I paint pictures with words. He was a risk taker, a dreamer. I am cautious, want money in the bank. His father died without a will in 2002; I convinced Bob that we needed a will and a financial plan after the children were born in the '70s. We continually worked for balance like the fiddler on the roof.

We met in a second-floor dorm room at Elizabeth Waters Hall in Madison, WI, in June of 1959. He had come to town to play tennis on the University of Wisconsin courts and to help a friend move home to Kenosha for the summer. A bit arrogantly, he told me to call him if I ever visited Kenosha. I lived down the hall in a corner room, had popped in to help his friend pack up, too. This was a chance meeting between two Wisconsin natives, a farm girl from the Beloit area and a city boy from Kenosha. After a short and distance-complicated courtship, he surprised me with an engagement ring after the Wisconsin Homecoming Show in 1959. He was a romantic; I, practical to a fault.

Bob was global, always wanted to create his way to trip destinations or wanted to put together the children's Big Wheels or a glass-topped picnic table without reading the directions. I'm all about sequence, starting at A and ending at Z, if the directions go that far.

He liked to spend money, wanted to build a cabin in Rhinelander, WI, overlooking Clear Lake, didn't want to wait for that "rainy day" that might be rainier than we had anticipated. I was afraid that two retired educators wouldn't have the resources to take on a mortgage after leaving their full-time jobs. He was right; time on earth doesn't last forever; and he loved that chalet, planting tulips that the deer ate, instilling in the grandchildren a love for the North, and teaching them how to catch and release. I was right, too. By carefully budgeting money to pay for "the dream," as he labeled the adventure, I was left with only a \$3,000 mortgage on a beautiful northern retreat when he died. Now, the cottage is paid for.

We both liked sports, but he was accomplished at tennis and swimming. I was never better than an average western rider and a swimmer who could barely paddle a few yards from the shore to the swimming raft. Bob was a Green Bay Packers fan; my dad had always supported the Chicago Bears; so my husband and I rooted for our teams separately and kept the volume low when the two teams played each other.

He was never interested in the checkbook, figured we had "enough"; I reconciled the bank statement faithfully for forty-nine years, grumbling if I couldn't find that twenty-one cents that the two totals were "off."

But, together we found our real balance. We kept many plates spinning over forty-nine years; we kept our teeter-totter seats off the ground. We complemented and complimented each other time after time. And, now I answer, if you ask me how I am, "Trying, once again, to find my balance."

JAN HASSELMAN BOSMAN

LITERATURE

FINDING MY BALANCE



CLAY WALL SCULPTURE, 21" X 11" X 7.75"

MARY LOU MATEJA

VISUAL ARTS

JUST CURIOUS



OIL ON CANVAS, 24" X 30"

RICH GRUSDIS

VISUAL ARTS

STIR DON'T SHAKE



OIL ON CANVAS, 24" X 21"

KIRSTEN WILLIAMS

VISUAL ARTS

FRANCIS



DRY POINT, 20.5" X 14"

ADAM M OPARYK

VISUAL ARTS

IT'S A CAT'S GAME

POETRY

THE VIRTUES OF DARKNESS

Darkness is magical!
Its reach, indiscriminate—hiding both the good and bad.
Whether it's a fresh, white blanket of snow,
Or a rancid pool of dirty, muddy rainwater—
If it is invisible, all is left to the imagination
Until a sudden ray of light answers the questions
Our mind has been pondering.

Darkness is freeing!
Freeing our imagination to create a vision—
A vision more to our liking or
One that feeds our fears.
Freeing our tongue to speak of things unwelcome in light—
Secret fears, secret desires—
Hidden feelings flow forth into the darkness—
As if to be absorbed by the shadows.

HOLLY WENDT

LITERATURE

THE VIRTUES OF DARKNESS

POETRY

THE EMBRACE

Two aging people walk side by side,
not touching, not talking, just walking.

Her hair is snow white with a hint of pink scalp.
His thinning hair hides under his cap.

A stranger might see them and wonder,
Do they love each other anymore?

Two aging people walk side by side,
not touching, not talking, just walking.

She watches children play in the park.
He thinks of his armchair and a dish of ice cream.

What happens to love after years spent together?
Does it just die away or dissolve into habit?

Two aging people walk side by side,
not touching, not talking, just walking.

A sudden commotion grabs their attention.
A child has been hurt and an ambulance called.

She gasps and then trembles. Tears flood her eyes.
He turns, gently embracing her, holding her close.

PATRICIA A. HARE

LITERATURE

THE EMBRACE



OIL ON CANVAS, 18" X 30.25"

NICOLE BEISIEGEL

VISUAL ARTS

THROUGH THE WRECKAGE



PHOTOGRAPH, 13" X 19"

EMILY WHALEN-PEDERSEN

VISUAL ARTS

BOA-UTIFUL SERIES



CERAMIC ART, 11.5" X 3.5" X 4.5"

ASHLYN NOLAN

VISUAL ARTS

HEALING

THE MONK

I

Zed's doorbell rang on a warm Sunday afternoon. He was startled to hear it; he was not expecting any company. He wiped the dirt from his hands on his gardening apron and strode to the door. A round man with a red face was on his stoop, peering in through the beveled sidelight. Zed opened the door.

The man grinned widely. There were circles of sweat stained in his pale brown suit beneath the armpits, and the head beneath his thin, combed-over hair glistened. "So you do live here," he said. "I wasn't sure if I had the right house."

"I was out back with my begonias," replied Zed. "I'm sorry, is there something I can help you with, sir?"

The man's smile faded marginally. "You don't recognize me, do you, Zed?"

"I'm sorry, sir; I don't."

The man laughed again, heartily and deep. "It's me, Henry!"

The bottom of Zed's stomach dropped, but he made sure his face said otherwise. There were likely others watching. He thought he saw a scope-sized glint of sunlight in the hedgerow across the street. He stared into Henry's eyes to avoid scanning the rest of the view from his porch.

"Henry Sanderson!" Zed cried, extending his hand with enthusiasm. "Of course! God, it's been a long time."

"It has. Too long."

They stood in an awkward silence.

"May I come in?" Henry asked.

Zed did not want him to enter his house. He was unprepared, and he cursed himself for that. The nearest firearm to his current location was the pistol in the drawer of the end table next to the door. Apart from that, there was the one in the living room beneath his chair. Stupid, Zed. Stupid!

"Absolutely," he said, stepping aside. "Sorry, it's a little...

disheveled. Sunday's usually my cleaning day."

"Ah, don't worry about it. Can't be any worse than my apartment, I promise you." Henry stepped inside. He wiped his scuffed leather loafers on the small woven doormat.

Zed kept his house full of plants. He collected plants like some collected coins. Keeping all of them alive and healthy was a labor of love, but they filled a gaping emptiness in his soul as nothing else could. "Are you trying to build a jungle or something in here?" quipped Henry with a nervous smile.

"Um...something like that, sure. Would you like something to drink?" Zed gestured to the couch that partitioned the entryway from the living room.

"A glass of water would be lovely, thank you." Henry moved past the couch to sit in the armchair.

Zed excused himself and took off his apron. He draped it over a dining chair as he passed into the kitchen. A thousand thoughts raced through his mind as he slowly and deliberately filled two tumblers with ice and filtered refrigerator water. Why was Henry here now, after they severed contact five years ago?

They had been sitting at their regular bar when he had last seen Henry. "I'm out," he said.

"What do you mean, 'you're out'?" You can't just leave, Z." Henry had downed enough beer to color his cheeks, but he still had his wits about him. He had been a lot thinner back then, and less ruddy too.

"Yes, I absolutely can. I can't do this anymore. Every time I look down that scope, I see her face. She begs me not to do it. She fucking pleads with me, just with the look on her face. I can't...I'm done." He stood from the stool and zipped his jacket. "If they want to find me, they can. I know it. You'd do well to tell them that if they send anybody within a hundred yards of me, I will kill them. That's what they've trained me to do, after all. Goodbye, Henry."

ALIENA ROGERS

LITERATURE

THE MONK

Five years of no attempted contact had dulled his senses, he realized. Paranoia kept him safe at the beginning. Now, he had taken his freedom too much for granted. He needed to get Henry away as soon as possible and try to repair the fissure in his peace to the best of his ability.

Zed garnished the glasses with a thin twist of lemon and returned to the living room. Henry reached for one and raised an eyebrow. "Lemon? Really?"

"Yes." Zed squeezed his slice into the water.

Henry chuckled to himself and took a sip as it was. "You've changed a lot, Z."

"So have you. I remember you not being shaped like a beach ball." Zed let his tone of friendliness fade, but kept a smile. They were behind closed doors now. As long the scope in the hedge-row thought he was playing nicely, nothing would seem amiss.

"Ah, yeah." Henry patted his gut. "I don't get out much anymore. I got married."

"Congratulations."

"She was a cheating whore. We've been divorced for a year. Won't even let me see my own goddamn daughter, the bitch."

"Sorry."

"I appreciate the sentiment." He took another sip of water. "You seem...less than pleased to see me."

"I want you to come clean," Zed said with a fake, toothy smile. "Why are you here?"

Henry let his smile go entirely. "Why does it always have to be business with you? Why can't I just have come over to visit an old buddy?"

"Because it's always business with you. I know you're still with the organization, and you wouldn't have risked just 'visiting' unless they wanted something from me. So, why are you here?"

"You know me too well," sighed Henry. He set his sweating glass on the coffee table, neglecting to pull a coaster from

the jar. "There's been a kind of, shall we say...shortage in employment recently. Ours is one of the unfortunate fields in the American workforce that is shrinking. We're getting fewer people in, and the ones we do get are not as good as the older breed were. As such, we lose them quickly, in one way or another."

"I'm not going back. Ever. I'm a librarian now."

"You're fucking me."

"That's a disgusting thought."

Henry nodded. "There's the Zed I know. You're wasting all of that wit on books and old women and mandatory silence."

There was a woman, thought Zed, but she was not old.

"The only thing that's being wasted is my time, with you, right now," he said.

"The organization is willing to negotiate with you. Do this job, and they promise it will be your last one ever. They will let you go with a very appealing severance package, and will help supplement your income for as long as you would like. They will stop keeping track of you. They will destroy your file. History will have neither record nor recollection of your involvement with us at any time."

Henry was right: if this is indeed what the organization was offering, it was very tempting. If they removed him from their files, he could finally settle down without even a hint of fear, maybe even start a family. His record as it stood was not something he was proud of, and he didn't want the risk of people near him ever finding out about the work he did prior to his early retirement. Hearing the entirety of the plan wouldn't hurt anything, he reasoned.

"What's the job?"

Henry's smile returned. "The mark is a diplomat. I can't tell you who he is—security issues, you know the drill—but I can tell you he's not necessarily a kind and loving gentleman.

THE MONK (CONT.)

We've been hired by certain individuals who dislike his habit of taking bribes from substance traffickers to keep them in business. These traffickers, in turn, keep him in office by rigging elections. It's a complicated relationship. Anyway, basic sniping assassination. Clean, quiet. The autopsy will say that he died of a heart attack in his sleep."

Zed took a long sip of water and visualized the act. He would likely be posted on the building next to the diplomat's hotel room. It would probably be very windy. He would fire first at a shadow in front of the curtains. Then, a bodyguard of some sort would throw open the curtains to try and find the culprit. He would be the victim of the next shot. Once the window was clear, the diplomat would be down in the third. The rest would be taken care of by other agents: removing other bodyguards from play, resetting the scene, completing the autopsy report. The organization was expansive, and thorough. Three shots were all he would need to fire to be finally free. He would even be playing the good guy.

"I'll have to consider it," he said after a while. "You kind of sprang this on me."

"Sleep on it," said Henry. "I can give you until tomorrow to make up your mind, but it needs to get done soon. We can't wait long."

"Understandable."

Henry stood up and Zed followed him to the door. "I'll give you a call in the morning to hear what you've decided," Henry said. He opened the door and stood back out on the stoop. "It's been a pleasure talking with you again, Z."

"Something like that," replied Zed, shaking Henry's outstretched hand. It was wet with perspiration.

"Well, 'til tomorrow then." Henry turned away and began to descend the steps, but stopped. "Hey, if you do decide to take this, try to not shoot any children this time, yeah?" Henry chuckled.

Zed stared at him as he crossed the street and struggled into the sleek car parked at the curb. He shut his front door silently before the car drove off.

II

Christina wore a lovely new vest when Zed arrived at the library. She smiled at him when their eyes met. Her nose crinkled whenever she smiled, and that was Zed's favorite part of her. Although they were close in age—he was two months her junior—he always marveled at how ancient he felt around her. Maybe it was her refusal to take reality at face value. Maybe it was her crinkled nose.

"Howdy, partner," she said softly. "You look tired."

"I feel tired, too. I didn't sleep well last night." He took a sip of tepid coffee from his plastic tumbler.

"What's her name?" Christina chided. She elbowed him playfully in the arm and Zed furrowed his eyebrows. "The girl you took home last night! What's her name?"

He rolled his eyes. "I didn't take anybody home last night."

"Sure, Zed, we'll pretend like that's your story." She picked up an armful of books as he stepped behind the circulation desk. As she passed she breathed into his ear, "I bet she was great in bed." With a devilish cackle, she strode out to shelve the books.

"I'll pretend you didn't say that," Zed sighed. He set his coffee on the desk's underlying shelf and positioned himself at the computer to check on the weekend's online renewals.

Most of him wanted to remain aloof and merely acquainted with Christina—for her safety, he reasoned. He wouldn't be able to live with himself if something happened to her because of his previous employment. Every time she spoke to him, though, a growing part of his mind wanted to quarantine that fear, take the opportunity, and see what unfolded. Uncertainty always crept into his mind: was she flirting with him or was

ALIENA ROGERS

LITERATURE

THE MONK

that just how she communicated with everybody? What if he was just misunderstanding her advances and all that resulted was an awkward workplace relationship? Did he really want to run his fingers through her long, copper hair or were those just hormones tricking him into desiring things he did not actually need?

Henry's proposition turned over and over in his mind. If he did just one more job, he would be free. Three more bullets fired into three more bundles of meat and he would have nothing legitimate to stall him from taking this chance any longer. Then, maybe she would be the girl he took home at the end of an evening at the bar.

The realization struck him like lightning and tossed his stomach into a frenzy of disgust. How could he even think like that? He was considering taking the life of a man in order to sleep with a woman. What the fuck kind of human being was he? Would a human ever think of something like that? Could they call him a human any longer, after all of the pain he has put others through?

What about that girl?

Zed squeezed his eyes shut dug his fingernails into his palms and clenched his teeth to try to block the memory. The effort was mostly successful; only a few stabs of guilt and desperation flitted into his gut, but they passed quickly.

A young girl was waiting in front of the circulation desk when he opened his eyes, and he jumped. She was holding a picture book and a library card, and looked very concerned for him.

III

"Hmm?"

They sat on the crumbling concrete steps in front of the library for lunch. A soft breeze wandered through, breaking apart the slightly humid Monday afternoon air. Christina chewed a bite of her sandwich. Zed played absentmindedly

with his straw. He knew it was a little heavier than their normal lunchtime conversation topics.

"I said, what would you do if somebody offered you the chance to start over? Metaphorically. Erase all of your past mistakes from the record."

She swallowed and thought for a moment. "Depends on what they want, and what mistakes they'd remove. Would I have to kill somebody?"

Zed's eye twitched. He hoped she hadn't noticed. "Simply for the sake of conversation, let's assume yes. A stranger."

She popped a potato chip into her mouth. "Well," she said, quickly chewing and swallowing the chip, "that then will all go back to what they're going to get rid of. Would I kill somebody to get rid of a speeding ticket? No. Would I kill somebody to make people forget that time I tried to dye my hair blonde and it ended up pink? Possibly."

"What if your mistakes were so severe that they came back to haunt you daily?"

She looked at him closely, studying his face. He averted her gaze, staring intently at the pebbles in the concrete below him. "I don't think I would, no. We don't like to admit it, but our mistakes mold us into who we become in the future."

So, where does that leave me? He took a sip from his straw. An oddly shaped red pebble rested in the step's concrete stasis.

"I wouldn't want you to erase your mistakes, either, Zed."

He looked at her in surprise. She was transfixed on the steps now. She moved to stand, and her hand accidentally brushed his. She pulled it away and strode inside without another word.

IV

The spray bottle hissed quietly as a fine mist settled on the leaves of the ficus. He would get some watering done

THE MONK (CONT.)

rather than sit and wait impatiently for Henry to turn up again, looking for an answer. The small trunk of the tree twisted around itself and was crowned with a small gathering of shiny leaves. It grew much faster than Zed had originally anticipated. He would need to take it from its pot and put it in the back yard soon.

Three rapid knocks at the door signaled Henry's return. Zed straightened himself up, set the spray bottle on the end table under the sidelight, and opened the door. As expected, Henry stood on the stoop with a grin on his face.

"Good evening, Zed. May I come in?"

"No, I think I'll pass this time, Henry." Zed kept one hand on the half-opened door.

The grin slid from Henry's face. "But, you're going to take the job, right? I'd feel better talking about this inside."

"What part of my resignation five years ago did the organization not understand? I don't want a part of this anymore. I've moved on with my life."

Henry opened and closed his mouth several times, like a fish gasping out of water. "I don't know what to say to you, Z. How could you possibly move on with your record as it is?"

"It was good to see you again, Henry, but you ought to leave now and never visit me again."

A vein bulged in Henry's neck. "So that's how it's going to be, is it? Fine. Kill kids on your own dime, you sick fuck."

The memory came back unabated. Zed was positioned to fire on a target in a crowded Uzbek street. It had been a poorly organized job to begin with; too public for his liking, and understaffed. Still, he did as he was told so he would be paid. He had been waiting for his mark for hours in the blistering desert sun. The man came into his sights, and he inhaled in concentration. As he exhaled into the shot, he pulled the trigger too soon. The mark had been in motion and moved out

of Zed's line of fire before the bullet could hit him. Instead, the sharp, twisting bullet pierced the chest of a girl who was standing behind him. She could not have been more than eight years old. Blood plumed across her yellow t-shirt. Her eyes grew wide as she crumpled to the ground. Screams erupted and the crowd swarmed around her.

He never saw her after that, but that one moment, that split second of pain and fear and hopelessness on the face of that girl was enough to attach her ghost to him forever. He saw her face whenever he peered down the barrel of his gun. He dreamt of her, and who she could have been. He imagined her future would have been bright and full of laughter. He imagined that one day she might have known peace. Every day of his life since then, Zed had tried his hardest to forgive himself in the only way he knew how: he lived his life quietly, trying to fill her place in the world instead of his own, trying to give back the peace he had wanted her to have.

Henry had no right to speak of her. He sullied her memory by his mere presence. Henry could have saved her—she was mere yards away from where he had been standing in the street, and he had enough medical training to do something about it. Instead, he had walked away.

Zed opened the drawer of the table next to his door, withdrew the pistol, turned off the safety, cocked it and fired a single round through Henry's head in one fluid motion. Henry's mouth flew open dumbly as he fell backward off Zed's porch steps and landed with a heavy crack on the concrete walk below.

He stood there for a few moments, watching the pool of blood grow beneath the body. His gaze flicked up to the sleek black car that was waiting across the street. This would be cleaned up shortly.

Zed shut the door, and returned to watering his plants.

ALIENA ROGERS

LITERATURE

THE MONK



OIL ON CANVAS, 36" X 32"

JESSICA VONEYSER

VISUAL ARTS

UNTITLED



OIL ON CANVAS, 26" X 30"

ALYSSA ZINTL

VISUAL ARTS

UNTITLED

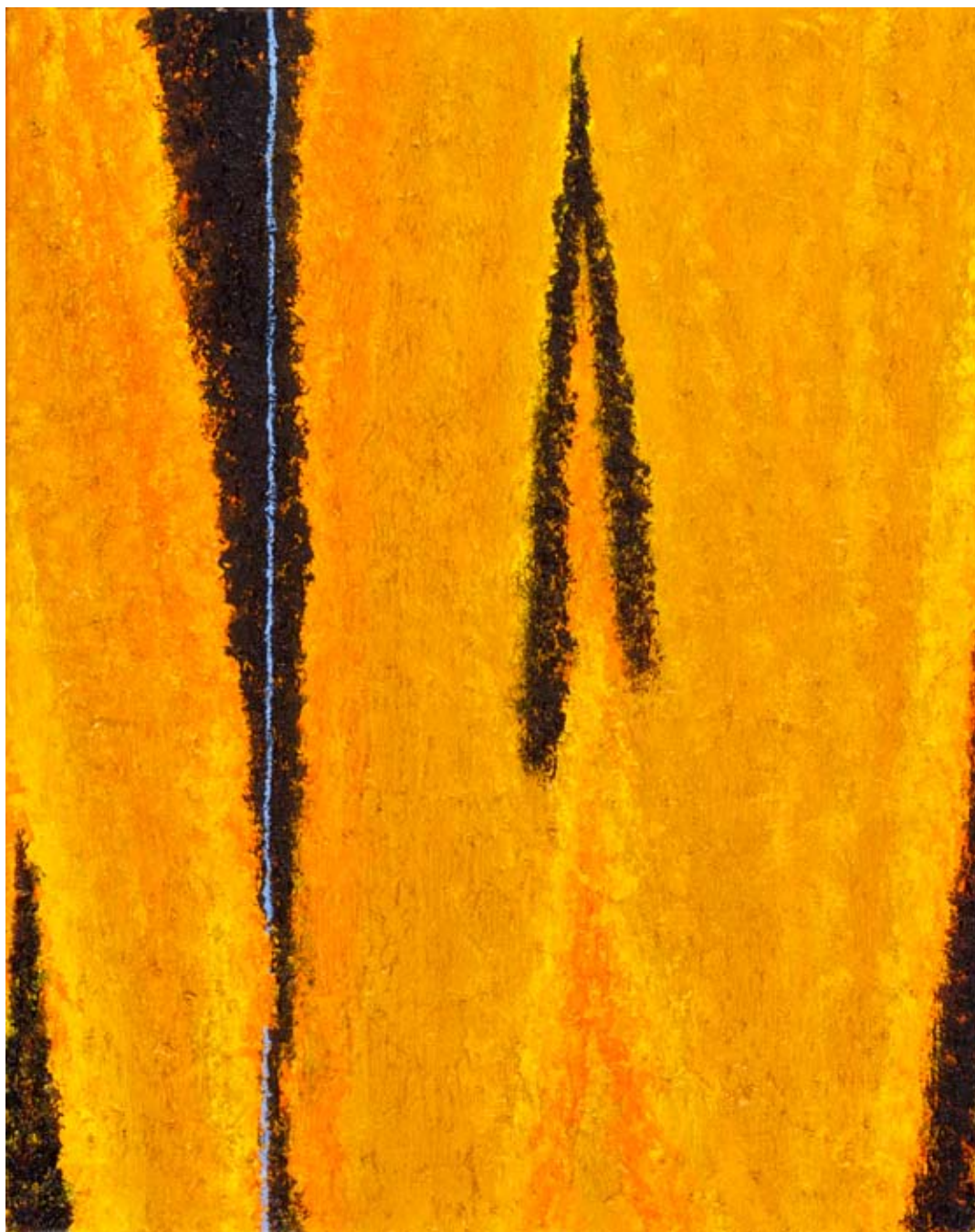


OIL ON CANVAS, 30" X 48"

KATIE BOYER

VISUAL ARTS

HAPPYLAND



ACRYLIC, 20" X 16"

RICHARD MIKYSKA

VISUAL ARTS

DBL

POETRY

PICTURE PERFECT

The crisp January air, biting at my cheeks—
My eyes burn and tear from the cold and sun.
Snow—as far as the eye can see,
Bathing the landscape in a generous, glistening blanket of white.

It's magical—I'm in awe! The power and beauty of nature—
Reminding me of all that is not of my control—
Merely along for the tumultuous and memorable ride.

The lonely, naked branches quiver—
Their only source of warmth
A bright sun above and the far-away promise of spring.

Seeing the clear, azure-blue sky and the pristine, white snow below,
It's hard to believe that pain and sadness exist in this world—
It is, truly, the ultimate deceit.

HOLLY WENDT

LITERATURE

PICTURE PERFECT



MIXED MEDIA, 36" X 48"

CHRISTOPHER HAGSTROM

VISUAL ARTS

VIDEO KILLED THE RADIO STAR



FOAM CORE, 18" X 19" X 10"

JU HYUN SEO

VISUAL ARTS

BLOSSOM

POETRY

TRIP OF TIME

Splash in the huge puddle,
Yearning for your mother to cuddle.
Playing cops and robbers in the yard
Where going inside was much too hard.

Dreams of space and dinosaurs filled your mind,
Getting inspired by stories told at bedtime.
Snowballs well thrown at one another,
Only to be interrupted by the call of mother.

Then, sitting in the rocking chair,
You notice your long lost hair.
Wrinkles cover your face
And you move at a much slower pace.

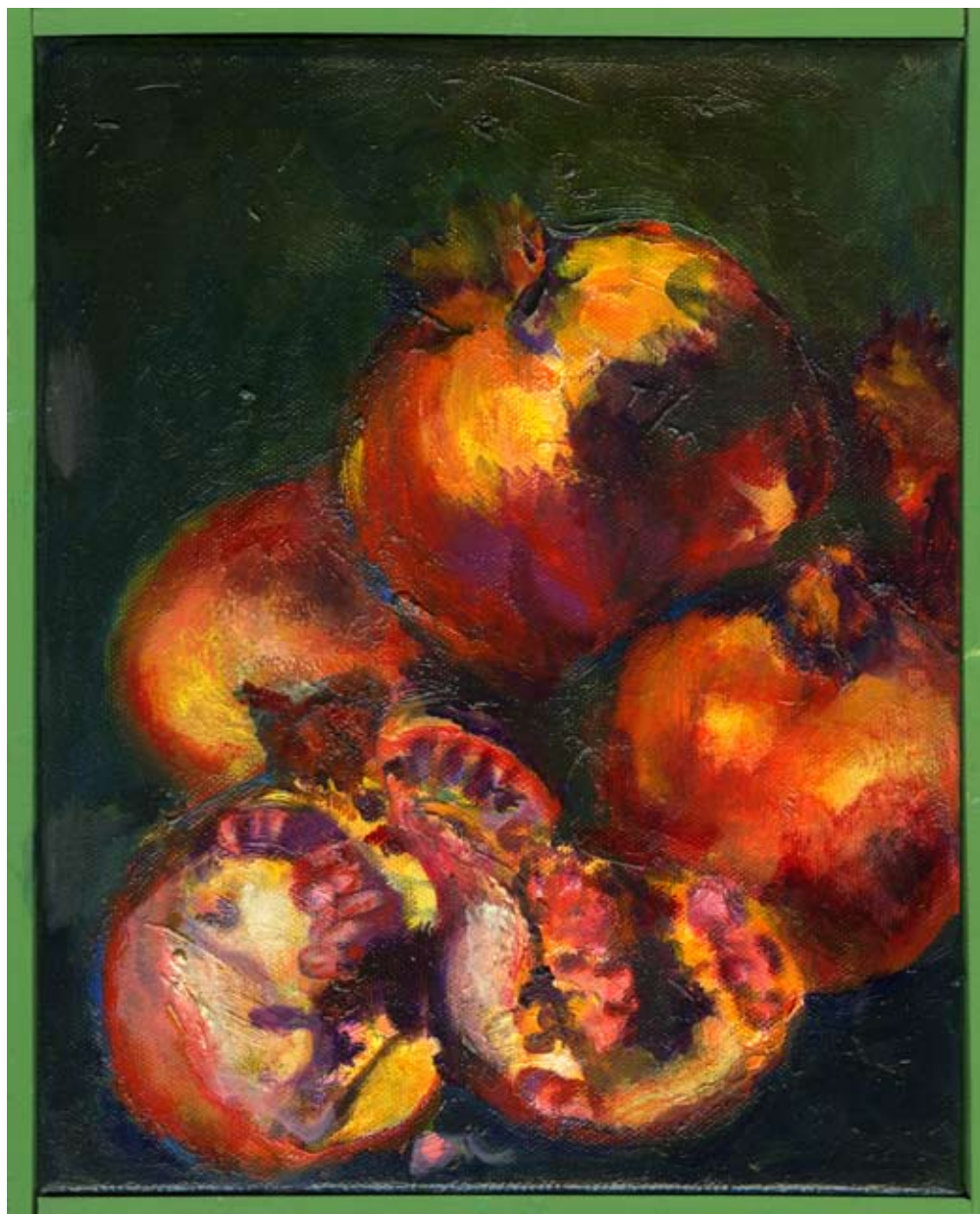
Living at some old folks' home,
Only to be depressed and alone.
Looking back, you miss the day
Filled with sun and grass during your play.

Time is a funny thing.
Memories is what it will bring.
Hold your breath, it will fly
And don't be afraid to say goodbye.

SHANNON FUNK

LITERATURE

TRIP OF TIME



OIL ON CANVAS, 10.25" X 8.5"

PATTY KIGGINS

VISUAL ARTS

POMEGRANATES



CERAMICS, 10" X 4"

VINCENT RUSTILE

VISUAL ARTS

MAJESTIC THINKING

POETRY

PAUSE

Pause for a moment,
Watch as the birds lift their wings
And hang in the air
Before marching on.

Passersby going through the motions
Synchronized and always alone.
Traffic signs tell you where to go
When to go and when to stop.
Stop at the red light,
Inching forward, all ready to go.

Pause for a moment.
Cats and mice and dogs chasing,
Stopping to lick their wounds,
Continuing on.

The day grows dark as the lights turn harsh.
Changing pace, settling down
Never lingering, always shifting into the night.

CARMEN MENDEZ

LITERATURE

PAUSE

HELPLESS

I remember
 When you first saw it,
 We made a pact,
 A pinky promise,
 Yet you let it catch you
 Like a fish on a hook, who
 Only wanted the worm,
 The prize in front of your eyes.
 It's when you got lost,
 Big sister.
 I was helpless.
 I was only a child, and
 So were you.

You stepped into
 The water,
 One foot by one
 At a time.
 You could still see light,
 And I could still fight
 For your own freedom from
 The hook.
 But I didn't.
 I was helpless

To aid you—
 And you were helpless.

 Lost time was the start.
 A minute here,
 An hour there.
 Lost were our days
 Blowing dandelions like dreams
 In the wind,
 Days spent in sunny sanctuaries
 Where we were free,
 And you were free—
 Free of the worm wiggling in your veins.

“Too Busy”
 You said. I
 Knew the truth of why,
 Knew the cries
 Of ecstasy in your mind,
 The hook in your lip,
 In the crevice of your brain,

That called
 And called
 And called again,
 To submerge yourself a little deeper,
 A little steeper, creeping
 In the high tide.
 I let you.
 My own conflicting thoughts
 All fought
 With one another.
 I was helpless
 In my confusion,
 And you were helpless
 To the deep.

Deep enough to crawl quietly out—
 Too deep to shake
 It all off.
 You became accustomed
 To the moderate temperature;
 In your mind, it must be
 A wriggling ecstasy—
 And why you let
 Your mouth

MADELINE LUNIEWICZ

LITERATURE

HELPLESS

Choke on watery words.
I forgive you,
For the sound
Of rushing water
Hurt my ears,
And the force
Of the flow
Kept us apart,
Big sister.
I still love you.

I wondered
About the jumble
Of things
Going through your brain,
Sometimes.

[Placid sea
Pallid face
Shaky wrists
Eyes misplaced
Broken dreams
(Just the start)

Ripping seams
Bleeding heart]

Running after
Time again
Should I stop?
Or stay your friend?

[Gnawing gums
Next fix
(More than meager
Cancer sticks)
Closing eyes,
Burning skin,
Haggard sighs,
Pricking pins.
Sorry for
Mistakes I made,
Sorry for
The prices paid
Death is but
The only key,
Can't you see?
I'm finally free]

I miss you big sister.
I remember them dragging
Your clammy hands
Still clasped on a hook,
Mouth filled with darkness, and
Eyes bulged
With surprise
That we all saw coming.
Did you feel freedom?
Escape?
Do you miss me? Miss
What we had, this
Lifeless sea
In front of me?
You let the hooks
Take you away. I
Won't.

Through the murky water, I
See again—
See the truth past the hurt.
I was helpless—
But you weren't.



SCULPTURE, 28" X 15" X 15"

TINA ZMICH

VISUAL ARTS

BUSINESS TRAVELER

POETRY

UNSPOKEN

Under this mask a tender soul lies.
Can you see her when you look into my eyes?
Everything stays hidden all locked up inside
Even the things that I cannot confide.

To myself or with next of kin
The things I hide deep within.

My mind is fractured
My heart remains weak
But these are the secrets I choose to keep.

Don't try to fix me,
For I am not broken.
The things I hide are better off unspoken.

MELISSA ROSINSKI

LITERATURE

UNSPOKEN



DRAWING (DIPTYCH), 19" X 26"

BRIAN KUBIN

VISUAL ARTS

EXPLICATION

POETRY

EULOGY TO BOUAZIZI

The sleeping dog—Bouazizi—wanting just a voice
and self respect.
Instead a slap.
Then the spark.
Barely visible, but waking other sleeping dogs
to feed the fire,
roaring and engulfing tyrants, despots,
for all the world to watch in awe
at the passion and persistence and the sounds and to witness
the painful, bloody, beautiful birth of freedom.
His spirit felt around the world grabbing oppressors
by the throat,
toppling the ruthless with the maelstrom and the grip,
the call for their fall.
Injustice exposed by a tiny spark,
the chronic years of a festering malignancy
fueled by power, delusions, and madness,
now quivering in its death throes.

Just a spark that woke the sleeping dog
and all the sleeping dogs...
The spark, exploding into the flames of Tahrir Square
stopping traffic and stifling years of silenced voices and
brutality,
the evil slow to succumb,
but finally collapsing
to the weight of courage and outrage
and the chorus of voices no longer silent
and open hands reaching for empowerment
and nothing less.
A tiny spark, Bouazizi's spark, the sleeping dog,
now teeth bared, a ferocious snarl
heard in Tunis, Cairo—
on to Tripoli, Benghazi, Bahrain, Syria, and beyond.
Madness squashed by a sleeping dog now awake
to sleep no more and
the tiny spark that set the world on fire.

JOAN SKIBA

LITERATURE

EULOGY TO BOUAZIZI

POETRY

DÉJÀ VU

Annoying memory of never happenings
Scrapes on fenders of our mind
Until a front end collision with reality
Folds time into realization
That our present contains truths
Beyond past comprehension.

JERRY WENDT

LITERATURE

DÉJÀ VU

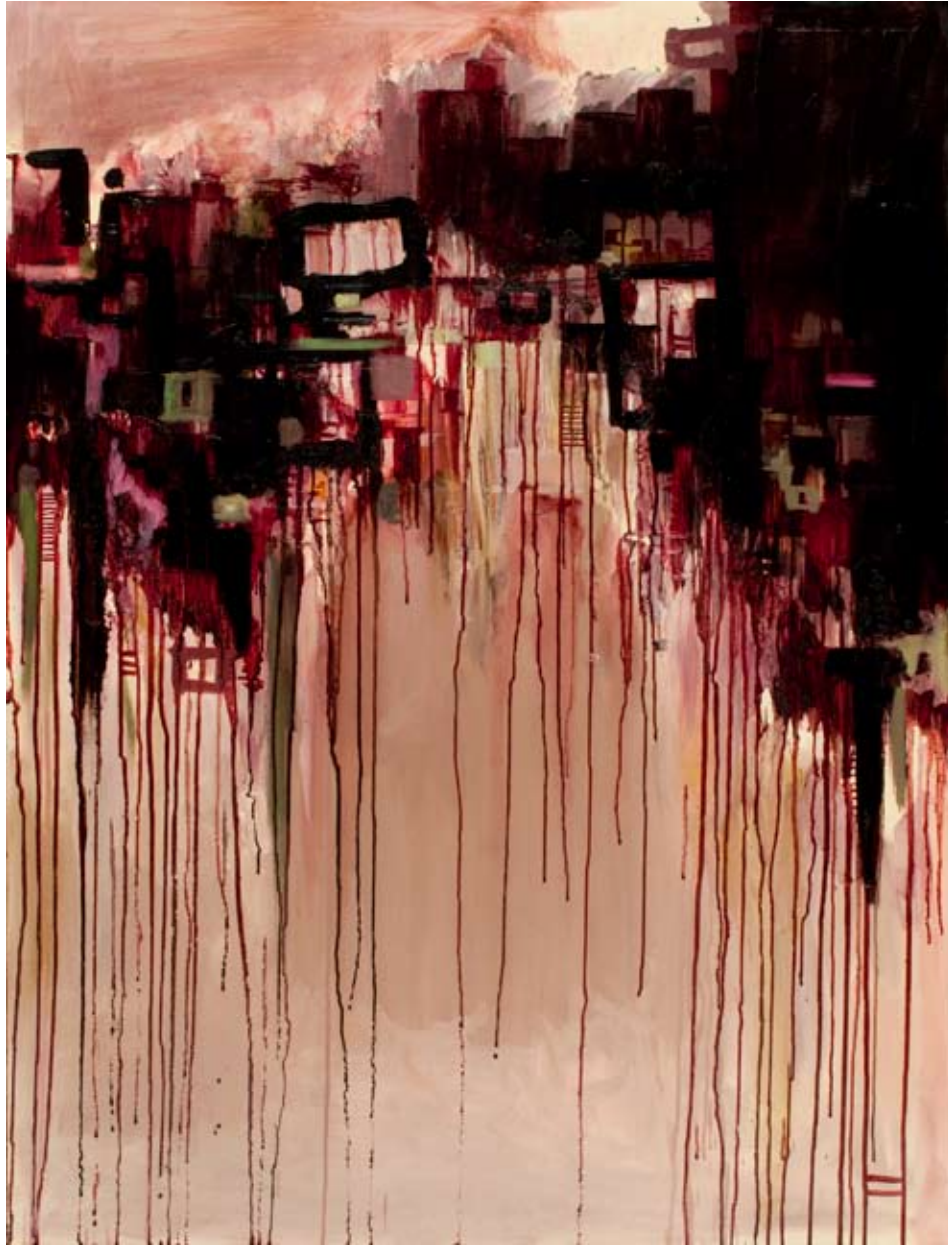


OIL ON CANVAS, 46" X 36"

PEGGY GRIFFIN

VISUAL ARTS

EYE OF THE CLOUD



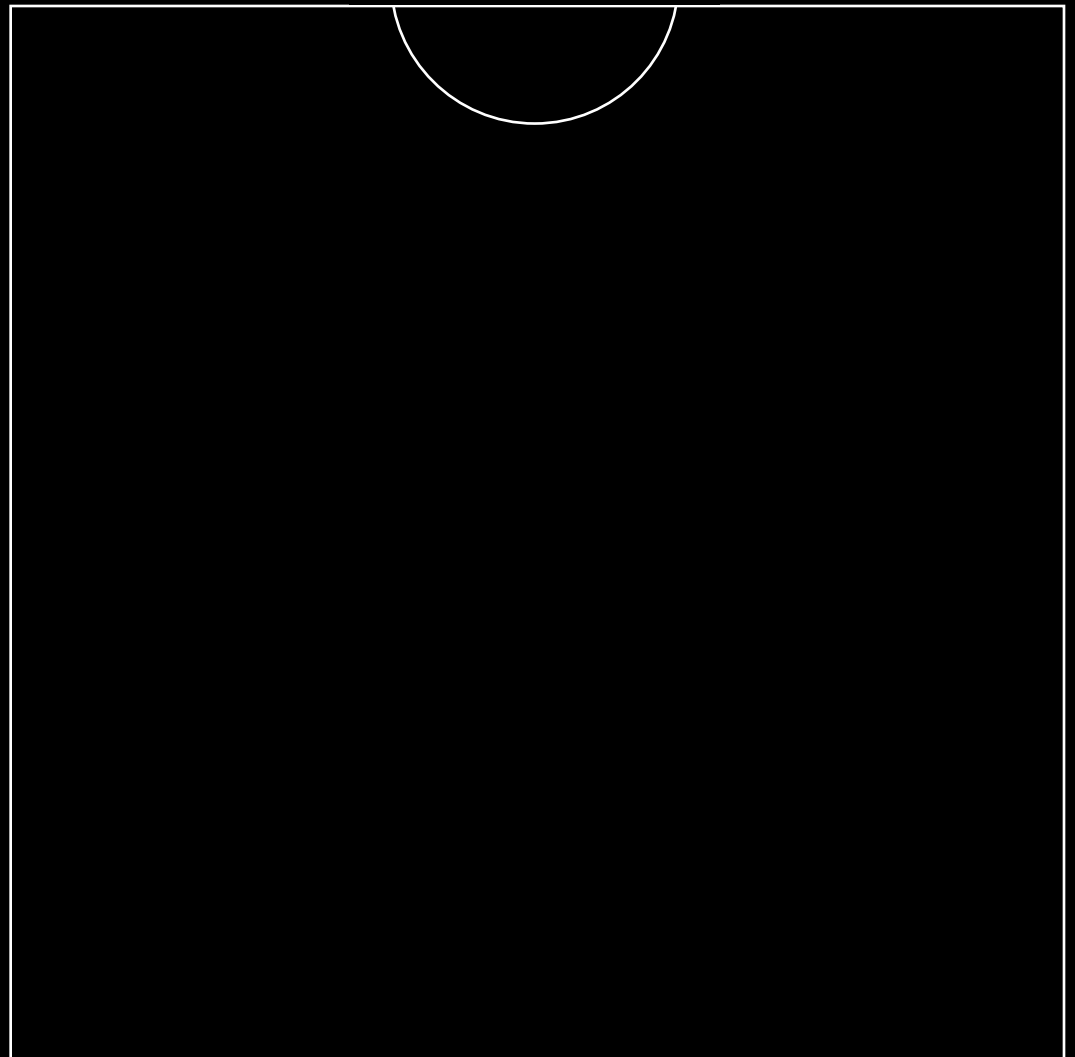
OIL, 48" X 36"

ALISHA SOBIESZCZYK

VISUAL ARTS

TOXIC

MUSIC & VIDEO





EMILY REGELIN

VISUAL ARTS

TUMBLER #1 (ECHO)